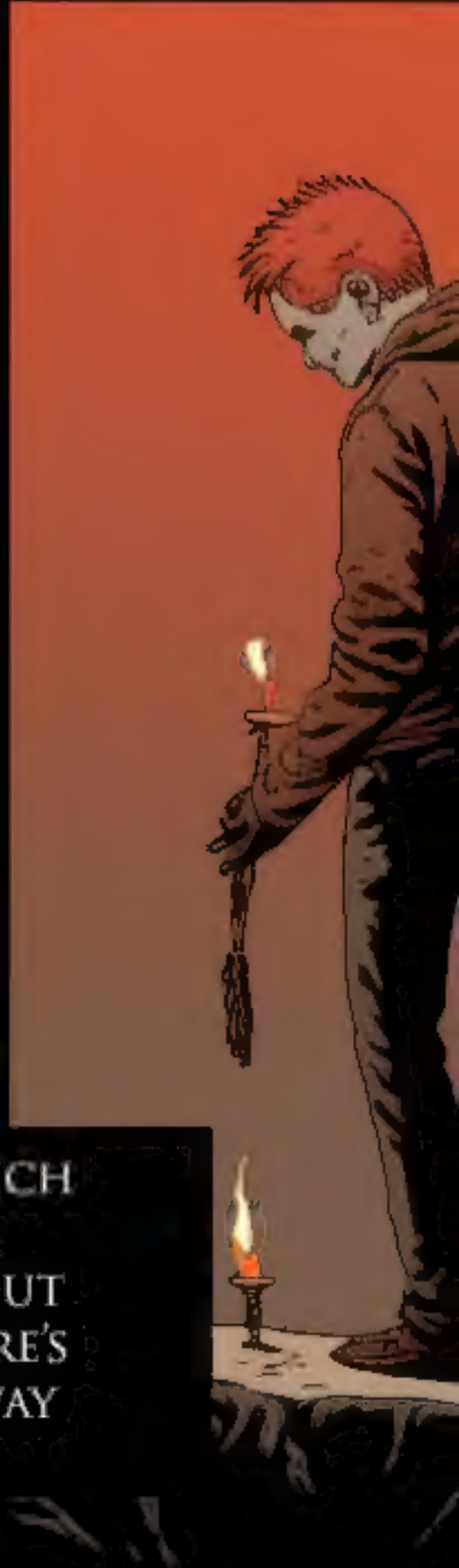
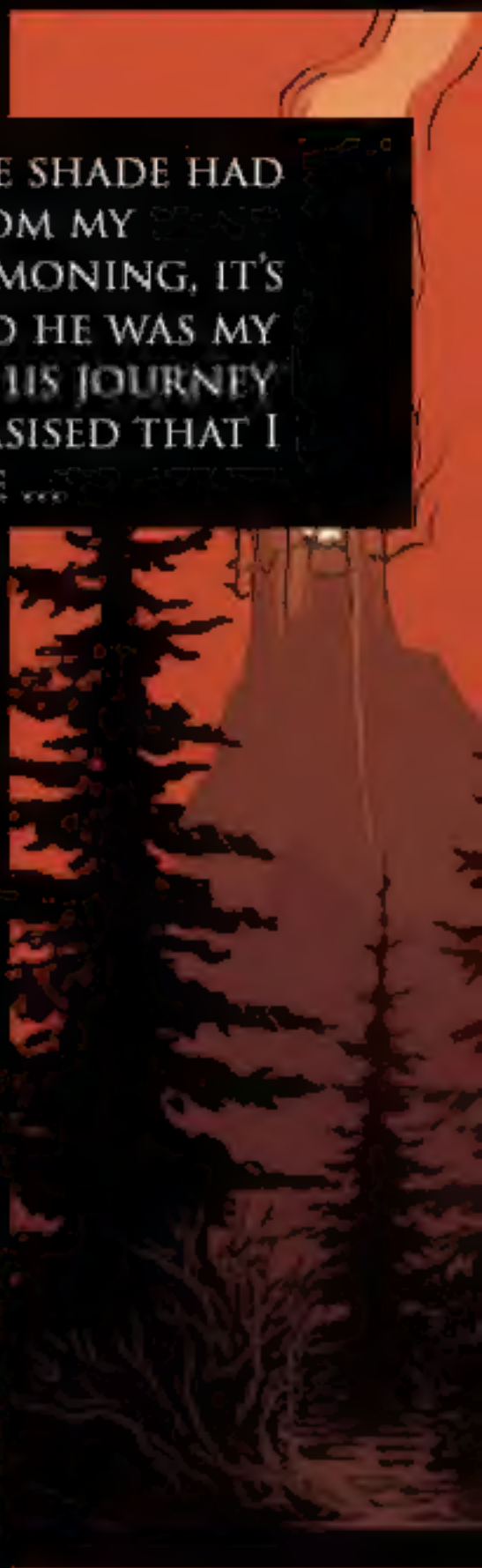




YET AGAIN THE SAME SHADE HAD  
APPEARED FROM MY  
NECROMANTIC SUMMONING, IT'S  
NAME IS DANTE AND HE WAS MY  
GUIDE THROUGH THIS JOURNEY  
AND HE HAD EMPHASISED THAT I  
WAS CLOSE ...



CLOSER TO THE PATH WHICH  
THE FOUR DEMONIC  
GATEKEEPERS HAD LAID OUT  
FOR ME, SUPPOSEDLY THERE'S  
SUPPOSED TO BE A GATEWAY  
NEAR BY





WHO AM I, THAT'S  
NOT IMPORTANT  
NEEDLESS TO SAY  
I'M A BLACK  
MAGICIAN WHO'S  
BEING LED TO THE  
MIDDLE OF NO  
WHERE, GUIDED BY  
FUCKING VOICES

IF I'M BEING HONEST, THIS WHOLE  
JOURNEY IS TAKING ITS TOLL ON  
MY SANITY, ALL I HEAR IS A  
CACOPHONY OF WHISPERS AND  
THE DEEPER I MOVE INTO THE  
DEPTHS OF THIS MYSTERIOUS  
LAND, THE LOUDER THEY GET

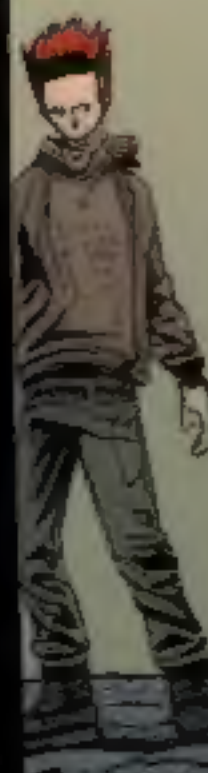
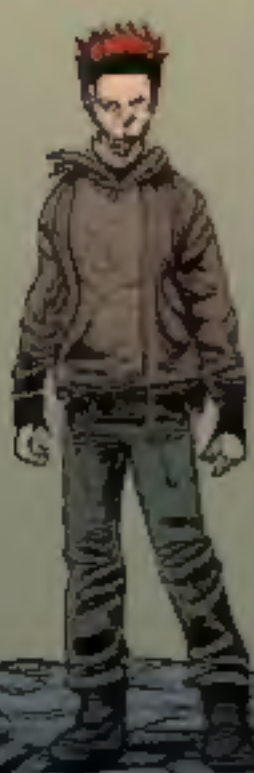


"Yes, yes, keep  
going Connor,  
tread upon the  
path which leads  
to your  
damnation, that is  
if you survive long  
enough, hahaha"



THEIR WHISPERING TO  
ME AGAIN, TAUNTING  
ME, I GET THAT THIS IS  
A TEST BUT I'D BE LYING  
IF I SAID IT WASN'T  
GETTING TO ME ...

WAIT... WHERE THE  
FUCK AM I AGAIN ?





Hours later ...


"Welcome to the gateway, you have made your journey to the entrance, speak the words which open thee abyss, then leave your temple of flesh, project from the body and enter therein"

"Great gatekeepers I thank you for allowing me passage, i do so declare. Zazaz Zazaz Nasatana Zazaz"



AS SOON AS I SPOKE THE WORDS, I COULD FEEL THE EARTH TREMBLE BENEATH ME, THE ASTRAL CURRENTS RAISING AROUND ME AND MY BODY LETTING GO OF IT'S GHOST






IN A MERE INSTANT, I FOUND  
MYSELF OCCUPYING MY  
ASTRAL BODY, THE FORCE OF  
THE INTER-DIMENSIONAL  
WORMHOLE GRAVITATING ME  
TOWARDS IT


A SYMPHONY OF SERPENTINE HISSING,  
THE HOWLS OF THE HELLHOUNDS, THE  
SCREAMS OF THE DAMNED, THE GROWLS  
OF THE BELLY OF THE BEASTS, CALLING  
OUT TO ME THE TRAVELLER AT THE  
CROSSROADS





ALGOL THE DEMONS STAR HAD  
OPENED UP AND SWALLOWED  
ME WHOLE, LIKE A COLLAPSING  
NEUTRON STAR, MY ASTRAL  
BODY TRANSMOGRIFYING  
BECOMING MUTATED  
THROUGH THE BLISTERING  
HELLFIRE AS I TRAVELLED  
THROUGH IT LIKE CHTHONIC  
KALEIDOSCOPE





I WALKED ACROSS THE  
BLACKENED WATERS OF THE  
ABYSS, ANOINTED IN THE FOOT  
STEPS OF THE DENIZENS OF THE  
HELLISH FIENDS THAT SPURRED  
IN THE SHADOWS

MY SPIRITUAL FORM  
BEGAN TO BECOME  
LESS AND LESS HUMAN  
BY THE SECOND, AS IF  
ADAPTING TO THE  
ANCIENT DARK  
DIMENSION I WAS  
NOW TRANSVERSING

I WAS STILL BE GUIDED BY  
THEM, BELIAL, AZAZEL,  
ABADDON, AMAYMON,  
THE FOUR GATEKEEPERS  
WHO HAD TAKEN ME  
INTO THEIR DOMAIN



"Closer ... keep going, follow  
the sound of our voice  
mortal come, come, COME"



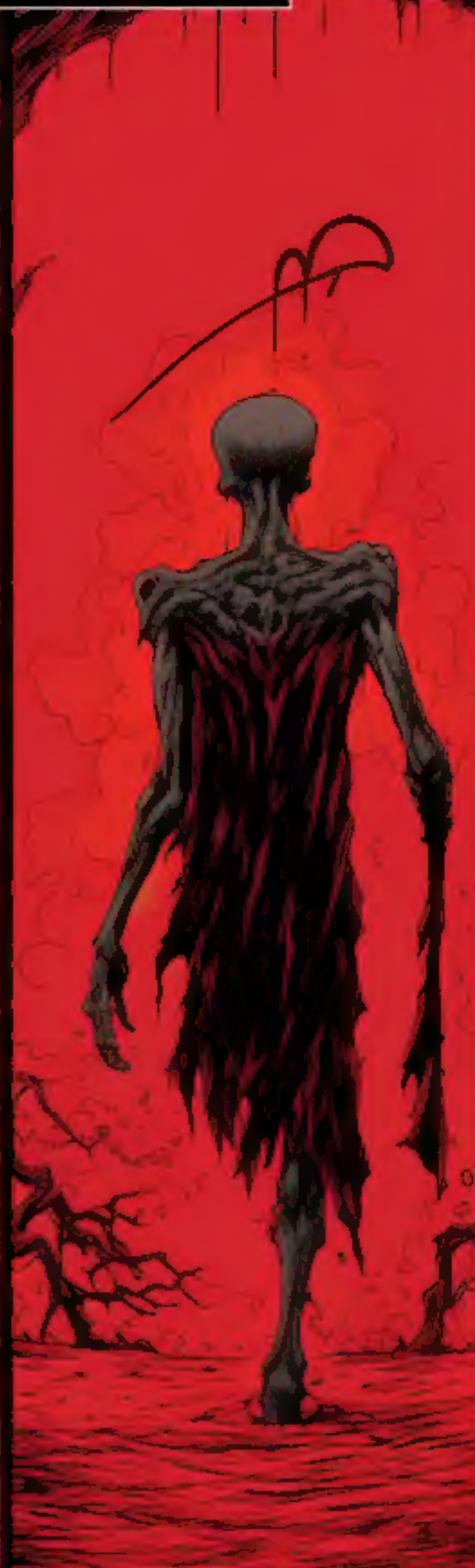


"Mephistopheles  
awaits you" ...

THE INTEGRITY OF THIS ASTRAL SHELL IS  
BECOMING MORE LIKE THE INHABITANTS  
OF THIS REALM, IF I DON'T GET TO WHERE  
I NEED TO GO QUICKLY I COULD END UP  
LIKE THE LIFELESS DAMNED, I NEED TO  
HURRY, EVEN IF THESE FLAMES HURT, I  
NEED TO GRIT MY TEETH AND BARE IT



In pandemonium.



I HAVE TO MOVE I'M ALREADY FALLING APART, THIS IS THE FIRST BUILDING OR SINGLE PIECE OF EARTH-LIKE ARCHITECTURE I'VE SEEN SINCE I'VE GOT HERE, I MUST GET INSIDE SHELTERED FROM THESE INTENSE ENERGIES



There he was Mephistopheles

*"Greetings Kavon or would you prefer  
I call you by your mortal name" ?*


"Kavon is fine" I responded nervously but  
in relief I have finally made it before him

*"So magus, you seek to make a deal with a  
devil, what is it you desire ... wealth, power,  
sex, freedom, knowledge, what is it you seek"*



"I seek it all, I seek freedom from  
that which binds or seeks to imprison  
my limitations, I seek power, I seek  
wealth, I seek every pleasure that  
lurks within my black heart"





"Greedy I like it, what do  
you offer me in return,  
what do I receive?"

"What can I offer you" ...

"Have you learnt nothing sorcerer,  
you are supposed to take, you are  
supposed to demand, where is  
your the authority of the magus  
that once burned in you?"

"So be it. Mephistopheles I initiate a  
pact with you for the materialisation  
of all the desires I have stated here  
now, and those that lurk within the  
oceanic cave that is my heart"



HIS FORM BEGAN SHIFTING BECOMING  
MORE SERIOUS, STERN AND SINISTER

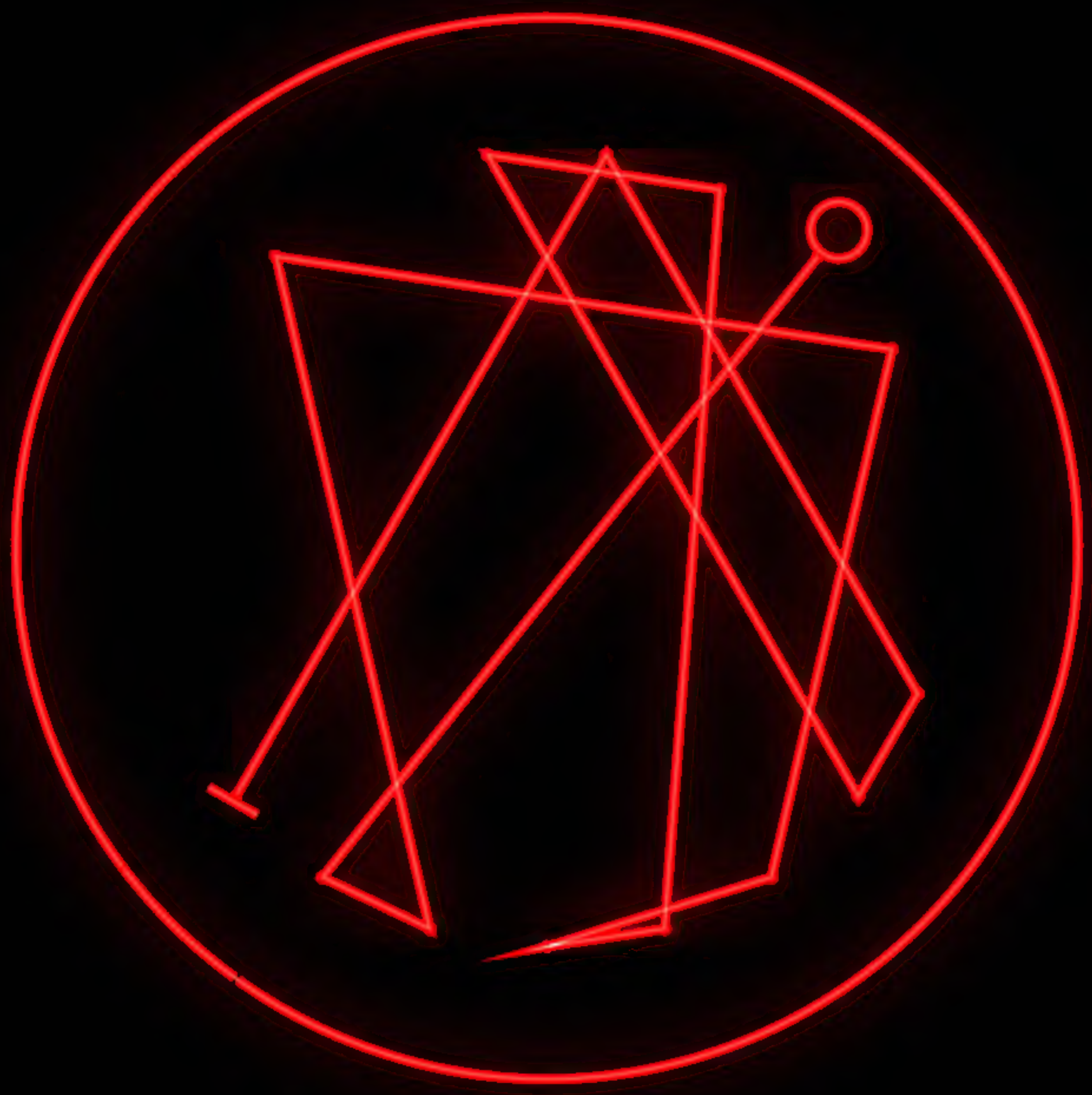
IN HIS HAND MATERIALISED A SEAL, A  
SIGIL WHICH MANIFESTED OUT OF NO  
WHERE



IT GLOWED INTENSELY, SEARING  
LIKE A INFERNAL ASTRAL BRAND  
BETWEEN THE DARK ONES HANDS

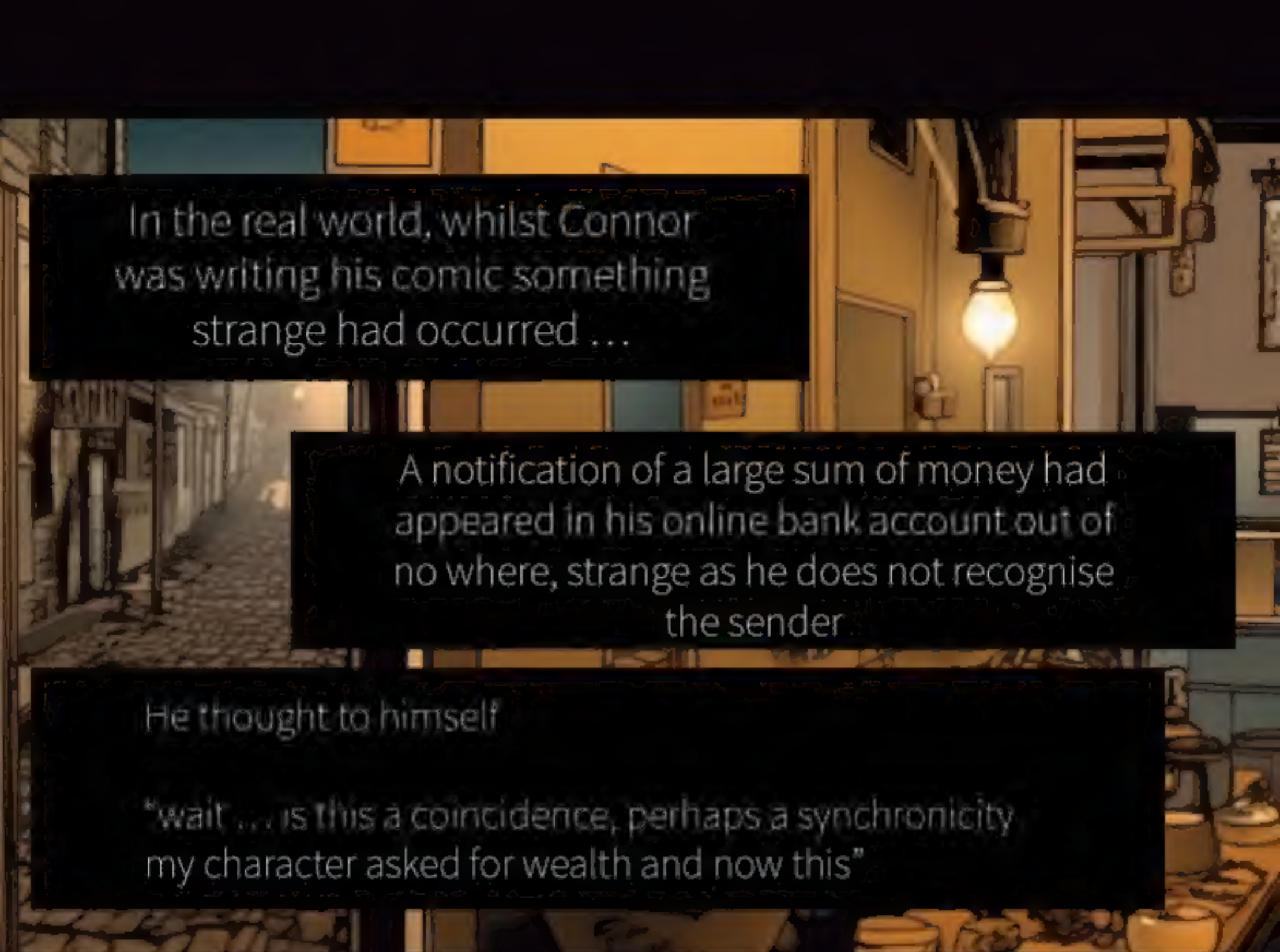


# THE SEAL BURNED INTO MY MIND ...



I KNEW INTUITIVELY THIS SEAL, THIS  
SIGIL WAS THE REPRESENTATION OF  
THAT PACT, HIS POWER AND THE  
POWERS THAT WOULD MANIFEST IN MY  
LIFE





In the real world, whilst Connor  
was writing his comic something  
strange had occurred ...

A notification of a large sum of money had  
appeared in his online bank account out of  
no where, strange as he does not recognise  
the sender

He thought to himself

"wait ... is this a coincidence, perhaps a synchronicity  
my character asked for wealth and now this"



A SUDDEN  
VOICE IN  
THE  
SHADOWS  
BEHIND  
HIM  
WHISPERED

**"There's no such thing as a  
coincidence my friend" ...**



A thought had suddenly occurred in his mind, if writing can truly cause change.

What should he write next, what was limits of the magick of hypersigils and writing, could he rewrite all reality

Sinister thoughts and the rush of imagination spurred in the mind of the author, with the powers of magick and the art of writing what exactly would he do next ...

